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Dalrymple, S.S.

THE NAIAD QUEEN:

A GRAND ROMANTIC SPECTACLE,

IN FOUR ACTS.

AS PLAYED AT THE

WINTER GARDEN,

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

J. S. CLARKE, Esq.

CONTAINING

PORTRAIT, CAST OF CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

SCHNAPPS (BAPTISTE)	**J. S. CLARKE**
SIR RUPERT	C. B. HILL.
AMPHIBEO	A. H. DAVENPORT.
RINALDO	MR. JEFFRIES.
MANFREDI	MR. CLARKE.
RODOLPHO	MR. STYLES.
WINKLEMAN	MR. EVANS.
ALBERT	MR. SAPHONI.
THE BARON LORCHAUSEN	
NAIAD QUEEN	MISS ADA CLIFTON.
FLUVIA	MISS FANNY BROWN.
IDEX	MISS ANNIE WILKES.
LADY UNA	MISS ADA MUNCK.
SPARKLE	MISS ROSE WOOD.
BRIDGET	MRS. C. WALCOT.

Knights, Demons, Fairies, Amazons, &c.

COSTUMES,

MORTALS.

THE BARON.—Black and Gold shirt, slashed with blue ; red hose ; cloak to match ; strapped shoes ; ruff ; grey wig ; hat and feathers ; sword and chain.

RUPERT.— Blue silk shirt, trimmed with silver ; helmet and chain armor ; leggins, arms, etc. , red scarf : sword and chain.

BAPTISTE.—Brown shirt : cloak trimmed with blue and red, slashed sleeves, the dress very stiff from the hips ; red hose ; strapped shoes : little hat, with cock's feather ; sword and collar.

RUPERT'S COMPANIONS.—Brown and green shirts, trimmed with gold : blue hose ; russet boots ; cloaks, collars, swords, etc.

PILGRIM.—Gray gown ; sandals ; large grey hat ; fleshings, etc. ; pilgrim's staff, with bottle and cross.

ATTENDANTS.—Blue and yellow slashed shirt.

SERFS.—Gray and brown tunics ; red hose ; shoes ; slouched hats ; cellars.

LADY UNA.—White satin dress, richly trimmed with beads and silver ; white satin shoes.

MISTRESS BRIDGET.—Black dress, trimmed with point lace ; high heeled shoes ; hat to match.

GENTLEWOMEN.—Fashionable German dresses.

IMMORTALS.

THE QUEEN.—*First Dress.* Silk flesh dress complete, and over it a leno robe, with a girdle of precious stones ; blue Persian drapery ; coral headdress and long green veil, showered.—*Second Dress Third Act.* Ringarmor ; arms ; leggins and gauntlets ; crusader's helmet, and white ostrich feathers ; scarlet loose skirt over armor trimmed with gold ; shield, and crusader's sword and sword belt.

FLUVIA.—*First Dress* Ibid, with green drapery and coral headdress.—*Second Dress. Third Act* Ring armor ; arms ; leggins and gauntlets upon blue stockinet ; crusader's helmet and white ostrich feathers ; sky-blue loose skirt over armor, trimmed with silver.

IDEX.—*First Dress.* Ibid, with coral trimming to the dress, rather *outre* to the others.—*Second Dress. Third Act.* Same as Fluvia.

AMPHIBEO.—Green scaly dress ; long green worsted headdress and mask.

WATER IMPS.—Ibid.

NAIADS.—*First Dress* Fleshings : muslin or leno dresses, trimmed with seas weed and coral, etc.—*Second Dress Third Act.* Ring armor ; arms ; leggins and gauntlets upon blue stockinet : sky-blue loose skirts, trimmed with silver ; crusader's helmet and white ostrich feathers.

THE NAIAD QUEEN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Gothic Hall in RUPERT's Castle, 2 G. Oriel window, L. F., backed with moonlight view ; large table in C., with pitcher, goblets, &c. ; benches on R and L. of table ; Gothic chair head of table in C. Rodolph, Rinaldo, Manfredo, Albert, Rolando, and Chorus, seated at table ; an aged Pilgrim seated on stool, R. H. 2 E.

CHORUS.

To-morrow and to-morrow
  May mingle smiles with ours ;
Or falsehood, shame, and sorrow,
  Consume life's summer flowers.
So mirth and melancholy
  Float idly down the stream ;
One dissipates in folly,
  The other in a dream.

  Then drink, drink, drink,
  And merrily clink
    The cups that overflow ;
  And one cheer more
  We'll add to the score,
    Before we rise to go.
    (All rise and come forward C. with goblets.)

To-morrow and to-morrow,
  The sooner let it come ;
We can but steal or borrow,
  As through the world we roam.
We owe no monarch fealty,
  We share no statesman's gains ;
We fear not woman's frailty,
  And laugh at lovers' pains.
    Then drink, drink, drink, &c.
    (All go up and sit.)

Enter Rupert, followed by Baptiste, R. H. 1 E.

Rup. Comrades, your hearts are light.

Bap. Ay, master, as our purses, or the cup upon the board yonder.

Rup. Well, friends, I grieve to entertain ye no better ; but my father's gold is long gone ; it bought your services while it lasted, and with these services I, Rupert, the Fearnought, won this castle from its lord, levied tolls on the river, plundered the burgesses of Bingen, and played the chieftain as nobly as a robber may. But,

alas! fortune is no longer with us; we cannot now extract a doit from traveller or citizen; we must shake hands and part.

Bap. As you will, Sir Knight—that is, master, I should say. Better so than fare worse. For my part, I'm weary of the monotony of these dull rounds; I'll to the wars; an' there be gold worth the gathering, it shall go hard but a stout heart ——

Omnes. (Laughing) Ha, ha, ha!

Bap. You are welcome to laugh, gentlemen, but, for my part, I never could laugh upon an empty stomach. I repeat, gentlemen, that a stout heart and trusty sword will still serve my turn. Rodolph, what say you?

Rod. (Laughing.) Have with you, comrade.

Rin. (Laughing.) So say I.

All. (Laughing.) So say all.

Rap. All; so say all! Master, you hear what they say; what do you say?

Rup. That when you have all left, I purpose drowning myself in the Rhine. (Retires up to table, C.; they utter an exclamation of disapproval)

Pil. (Rising and coming forward R. H.) Ah, if one could get at the wealth that lies in the Rhine, that would be worth diving for!

Bap. (L. H.) Why, there can't be much among the fishes, I fancy, unless those frosty eyes of thine have changed theirs into diamonds, and their scales into pearls.

Pil. Thou art a fool! Gold there is, and it may be won, too, by a handsome man, if he be brave enough.

Bap. Handsome! brave! — I think you said handsome and brave. I tell you what it is, my knight of the cross roads, a little less of your personalities, if you please, or I'll pretty soon teach you that handsome and brave are with me synonymous terms. (Half drawing his sword and swaggering.)

Rup. (Rising and advancing, C.) How! sayst thou?

Pil. The water spirits have the key to the treasure; and he who wins their love may chance to win their gold.

Bap Ugh! fudge! (Laughing.) Ha, ha! (Retires up, and groups with the rest about the table.)

Rup. Old man, a word: say you there are spirits, dwellers beneath the dark waters of the Rhine, with whom the young and brave find favor, and bring back wealth and honor?

Pil. Ay, master; and who offer tempting booty to the bold whom fortune leaves upon the land.

Rup. This cannot be achieved. The sirens famed in story reck not the love of errant knights, whose gallantry hath led them to their wild retreats, to kneel in admiration at their lays. Oft lured by these, the listening mariner forsakes the purpose of his voyage; his cargoes and his hopes become ingulfed beneath the treacherous eddies they prepare.

Pil. You err, if thus you would arraign the gentler Naiads of the limpid Rhine, who nightly leave their crystalline abodes, to bask upon the moonlit rocks above. I've heard my grandsire tell, their melody, far off, salutes the ears of voyagers, who, had they youth and valor, might approach and compass both their beauty and their gold.

Rup. Thither to-night will I repair.

Pil. Be not too rash ; hast thou the firmness to ——

Rup. Peace, old man ! Who questions the proud daring of "The Fearnought?" This night, I say ! Before the daystar rises, I will moor fast to the Lurlei Berg my nimble skiff : Lurline, 'tis said, long after midnight, holds her vigil there. To her will I prefer my love's complaint , and let my guerdon be her sweetest song and smile, or sadder fate ! Rupert returns this castle's richer lord, or never !

Pil. There spoke the spirit of the "The Fearnought" still !

Rup. (Calling.) Comrades ! (Baptiste and others come forward, R. and L.) I leave ye for a month ; so fill a bumper—pledge to my safe return ! Since one element can yield no more, I am about to try the beings of another. I may perish in the enterprise —I may not return ; tarry for me, therefore, but the time I have mentioned : if ye then see me not, depart in peace. Meanwhile, ye may manage to starve on, and, if the worst come to the worst ——

Omnes. Well ? (Exit Pilgrim, R. H. 1 E.)

Rup. (Jocosely.) Ye can eat one another.

Bap. And leave our heads to tell the tale to after comers. So, comrades, pledge we to brave Sir Rupert's welcome home.

Omnes. (Filling and drinking.) Sir Rupert's welcome home !

Bap. (To Rupert.) Umph ! Who is she that hath so cozened the heiress of Lorchausen of her chance of Rupert's hand ?

Rup. Well, no matter.
Thou know'st her father's wealthy—proud withal,
While I am still the poor adventurer,
That, in the scale of fortune, may not weigh
My lot 'gainst hers. Doubt not my heart is sealed
To Lady Una's, though now on its way
To raise a mortgage on a Rhenish nymph ;
Which, ere I dare to press my former suit,
Must be effected. So content ye.

Bap. (Drinking.) As you list, Sir Knight.

Rup (Musing.) Stay : above the rest, I've found thee ever faithful.

Bap. Who ? me, master ?

Rup. Ay ; give me thy hand. Thou shalt be boon companion of my venture, Baptiste ; thou shalt along with me. (Shaking his hand.)

Bap. (Withdrawing his hand coldly.) You'll excuse me, master. I have no objection to engage with you in one, two, or more of the elements—that is, I'll stand by you between wind and water ; but as for this little submarine expedition of yours—this little aquatic flirtation — you understand me — this diving-bell amour, I have a strange presentiment that my presence—that is, the presence of any third party—would be very much in the way—eh ? (Winking his eye, knowingly ; the rest laugh deridingly at him.)

Rup. Now, by my knighthood, thou art no true esquire ! I had thought on a way to serve thee and thou hadst sworn thyself my friend ; but let that pass. Gold will not mate with a churl.

Bap. Gold ! and a churl ! Master, you have wronged me—very

much wronged me. Neither of those are adjectives to my substantive. (Striking his breast.) Of the former, I already lack quantum sufficit; and of the latter, I think I can say, with reason, that I have not a drop of churl's blood in my veins. And, to prove it, I will e'en follow you to the bottom of Charybdis; though I must own I never, by my valor, till now, conceived so extraordinary a taste for the study of hydraulics.

Rup. 'Tis well. (Calling) Ho! there.

Enter Attendant, R. H. 1. E.

Look that my skiff be ready at the postern; there await my coming. (Exit Attendant, R. H. 1. E.) And now, my friends, good night.

Bap. Allow me, first, a parting cup to the pretty Mistress Bridget at Lorchausen; then have with you, master. (Filling and drinking at table. Exit Rupert, R. H. 1. E.; all come forward; attendants enter, B. and L. 2 E., and quietly clear table and benches)

CHORUS.

Then drink, drink, drink,
And merrily clink
The cups that cheer each heart;
Ay, one cheer more
We'll add to the score,
Ere we shake hands and part.

(Exit Baptiste, R. H. 1 E., Rodolph and the rest, L. H. 1 E.)

SCENE II.—A Romantic Prospect on the Rhine, 5 G. The town of St. Goar, with its mountainous district, in the distance; the Lurlei rocks in the foreground, R. H. and L. H.; the Queen ascends through waters and sits on the Lurlei Berg in the moonlight, R. C.; the dwarf, Amphibeo, is prostrated at the foot of the rock, L. H., watching the approach of strangers; lights half down. Music.

SONG.—*Queen.*

Silent nymph, with silvery wings,
Hither from thy bower stray:
I will show thee choicest things,
Where the watery moonbeams play.
In a nautilus we'll glide
O'er the cool and limpid tide;
From whose surface fathoms through
Thou my crystal halls shall view;
Where, through the groves of coral, we
Dance to Naiad's minstrelsy.
Dance, dance, dance, dance,
To the Naiads' minstrelsy.

(Towards the end of the song, the dwarf looks warily over the water, and makes a signal to the Queen of the approach of intruders, and then retreats behind the rocks on L. H.)

Enter Rupert and Baptiste, R. H. 2 E; they advance near the Lurlei Berg.

Rup. (On L. H.) My ears deceived me not; that way the voice descended, and stole upon my ravished senses like music from the spheres. (Observing Queen on rock in waters on R. H.) Beautiful spirit, nymph, or whatever thou art, I do invoke thee!—Who art thou, O beautiful maiden? and whence is thine art? Art thou a daughter of the river? and dost thou lure us here to destruction? Why, be it so? Welcome the whirlpool, if it entomb me in thy home.

Queen. Thou art bold, young mortal. Wherefore say thy tribe such harsh legends of my song? Who ever perished by my art? Do I not rather allay the storm and smooth the mirror of the waves? Return to thy home safely, and in peace, and vindicate, when thou hearest it maligned, the name of the Water Spirit of the Rhine.

Rup. Return!—Never, until I have touched thee—knelt to thee—felt that thy beauty is not a dream! Thou art as woman, yet more lovely than the fairest of earth's bright daughters. Take me to thy blue caverns, and be my bride.

SONG.—*Queen.*

Ocean's bed sheds odors rare,
Which no breath of air hath wasted;
In her cave are viands fair,
That no mortal lip hath tasted.
Radiant through the sunlit water
Many a tempting pearl there be,
Might dazzle the heart of the fairest daughter,
Sighing on land for the gems of sea.

About our throne,
With dulcet tone,
Sirens wake their pearly shells;
And visions bright
Each sense delight,
Roused by water-fairies' spells.
While, through groves of coral, we
Dance to the Naiads' minstrelsy.
Dance, dance, dance, dance,
To the Naiads' minstrelsy.

(At the conclusion of the song, Queen glides gracefully from the rock on parallel, and disappears beneath the waters.)

Rup. She glides away, even like the vision from the sleeper! Baptiste!

Bap. (Advancing, R. H.) Here, master.

Rup. Tarry with the skiff till sunrise; if ye then see me not, return to St. Goar; I follow yon maiden's track. (Going.)

Bap. (Stopping him.) Hold, master! we part not thus. Consider fitly what a perilous voyage you undergo; think what a master 'tis I lose—think what a squire that master leaves behind!

Rup. Unhand me! The secrets of yon dreaming land I will resolve or perish in the undertaking! I follow fate and fortune. (Music.—He breaks from Baptiste, rushes to the summit of the rock, and dives after Queen.)

Bap. There's another knight-errant lost to society! Now, what

an extraordinary—a most extraordinary predilection my master evinces for a watery grave! What a pity, for the sake of the Lady Una, as well as all the other ladies in the Palatinate, he hadn't been inoculated with the hydrophobia! They could but have smothered him in dry blankets; when now he'll as surely catch his death of cold, by stepping voluntarily into a damp bed. (Looking about.) Hallo? what has become of the skiff? (Music —During this colloquy, the dwarf emerges from the rock, goes towards the skiff, which he sets adrift, then strikes a grotesque figure, and intercepts Baptiste in his way towards it. The latter appears singularly overtaken with fear; and after traversing the banks with grotesque and hurried strides, and whilst the dwarf menaces him, he rushes off hastily, L. H. 2 E.; the dwarf laughs hideously, and disappears through trap, R. H.)

SCENE III.—A Cavern on the Banks of the Rhine, 1 G.

Music.—Enter Baptiste, R. H. 1 E., running on in trepidation—after a pause, C., he looks back, or averts his head with anxiety, to find that he is no longer pursued by Amphibeo. (Lights down.)

Bap. (Recovering himself.) A very respectable, queer-looking kind of a personage, the little gentleman I have just parted with! A member of the club of odd fishes, I should imagine. By the way, the air of these caverns is not very favorable to rheumatism; and I know of no better way of arming the outward man against evil spirits than by fortifying the inward man with nothing but a good 'un. (Taking a flask of brandy from his jerkin.) Come forth, my bottle imp! thou cordial to sore places and blue devils! "Beautiful spirit, I invoke thee!" as my master says! (Drinking. Music, four bars.—The notes of a flageolet are heard to a wild and humorous strain.) Eh! what's coming now? Fresh arrivals! Ho! ho! Girt thy armor well about thy loins, good Master Baptiste. Here's to ye! (Drinking. Musie,—first wildly, then plaintively, afterwards briskly, and with humor; the sounds appear to recede and return alternately at R. and L. and from above. Baptiste pauses, puts up his flask, traverses backward and forward in pursuit of the sound, as it baffles his curiosity; he appears suddenly impressed with its delusion, then laughs, and settles into a calm or delirium, as the music sinks into the lower notes; after a pause, the music strikes a few rapid bars to strains of a wild and incoherent measure, partaking throughout of comic humor. Baptiste is roused from his apathy, and in following the sound, R. H., is confronted.)

Enter the Naiad Idex, R. H., 1 E., playfully dressed as a dancing nymph, and wearing a flageolet suspended to her girdle. She startles on seeing Baptiste, who suddenly retreats, and regards her with mixed fear and admiration; after a pause, each recovers confidence—Idex moves playfully about Baptiste, and plays several variations on the flageolet; she advances and recedes coquettishly, to which he replies by nods, winks, and gestures, of amorous portent; he at last engages her attention.

Bap. Truly, miss, I am more than delighted to have fallen upon so agreeable a companion, after the one I had the pleasure of scraping a slight acquaintance with a few minutes ago.

Idex. Who art thou, stranger, and whence comest thou?

Bap. Truly, miss, it boots little to inquire whence I came, who I am, or how I got hither. I came over the water in company with my master, who, I have every reason to believe, is just now in company of some one else, who lives under the water; and as I feel myself in every particular like a fish out of water apart from him, I should esteem it a particular favor if you would bring me some tidings of—or conduct me where I may find him.

Idex. Foolish mortal! why dost thou roam so far from thy tribe? Knowest thou the haunt of the Naiads? It is here. The air above thee is enchanted; the rock thou standest on is fairy ground, and we, the dwellers, are immortal.

Bap. (Aside.) Immortal! I'll accost her somewhat in the fashion of my master.—(To Idex.) Beautiful substance! brightest of spirits!—that is, miss,—I hope no offence—I mean not the slightest allusion to the one which I carry along with me—brightest of immortal spirits! I've a pulse now throbbing inside of me, with a passionate conviction that my good breeding has already found favor in those eyes. Hem!

Idex. (Laughing.) Ha, ha, ha! Now, are not you a very venturous mortal?

Bap. Who, me? venturous? Bless you! I'd venture all for the fair sex, especially those of a spiritual persuasion. (Taking out the brandy flask, and drinking.)

Idex. (Aside) How prepossessing and engaging is his bold address! Dare I trust him? or, rather dare I trust myself? (Gazing upon him, while he is ruminating over the flask.) He certainly is handsome; and, out of mere compassion to the Naiads, I must keep him apart from the rest. (Calling to Baptiste.) Handsome mortal!

Bap. (Surprised.) Eh! me? Miss, did you speak? Handsome! You were observing—you seem impressed with my outward appearances—my externals. Bless you, I am a thing of substance—nothing immortal about me—all genuine—Flanders bred—flesh and blood from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot. Look at that, miss—there's a leg! Show me the mermaid that's got such a tail! (He is slightly inebriated.) 'Pon my soul, miss, you seem to be a very delectable, social sort of spirit. Tell me now how do the ladies manage to kill time on your side of the water?

Idex. To know, thou must follow me; we ne'er reveal the secrets of our tribe to mortals on the land.

Bap. You sing?

Idex 'Tis our recreation.

Bap. Dance, too?

Idex. All day and night.

Bap. Anything else? any sort of field sport, hunting, or horse exercise?

Idex. Sometimes we mount the hippopotamus, and hase thee ground-shark homeward to his lair.

Bap. (Aside.) Very pleasant that! Fancy me floundering in the water on the outside of a hippopotamus!—(To Idex.) But, miss, I pray you now conduct me where I may find my master.

Idex. It is only by my power you can find him.

Bap. (Aside.) She's an ardent spirit, an incorporeal being, as

it were, distilled out of the flesh. I have a great mind to put her to the test by a drop from the flask; they say there's sympathy between souls I'll make a compound spirit of her.—(To Idex.) Miss, allow me to present you with a mouthful of my elixir—no ceremony between friends. (Advancing towards her with the flask.)

Idex. (Retreating.) Courteous stranger, 'tis not permitted that our race shall partake of the viands of earth.

Bap. But these are not viands. I only ask you to drink with me; try it, you'll find it quite in your own way

Idex. (Advancing coquettishly and receiving the flask.) Ha! the spirits of water mix not with those of fire. (Archly.) Why didst thou tempt me? (She is about to cast it from her but is arrested by Baptiste, an involuntary movement on his part bringing them in collision.)

Bap. (Feeling her arms.) Eh! why, this is substance, flesh and blood, I declare! Now, do you know, I have been all along in the dark in this business; I took you for a thing of air.

Idex. Thou knowest I am of the water, and thither I'm returning to my sisterhood, to help them to gather crabs' eyes.

Bap. Gather crabs'eyes! what a recreation! Well, but there's no particular hurry—stay a little longer—(Ogling her.) There are other eyes worth gathering, as well as crabs', and you needn't go a great way to find 'em

Idex. (Aside.) What a persevering creature it is! I feel almost persuaded to make him the companion of my voyage.—(To Baptiste.) How if I show thee the Naiads in their retreat, and bring thee where thou shalt see thy master?

Bap. Naiads in a retreat! what, with my master? Conduct me—I'm your man! Lord! I'm such a devil, and can beat my master hollow at singing and dancing.

Idex. First, I must lay a spell upon thee.

Bap. You'd better not—I'll lay my spell on thee, else. (Music—she moves sportively round him, and endeavors to catch him in a noose of golden cord, which she takes from her girdle; he evades it with amorous humor, but at last receives it round his neck; this brings them again into collision, and, encircling her waist, he kisses her smartly on the lips) That's above proof.

Idex. O, fie, fie, fie! Respect the morals of the nymphs, I beg. (She leads him by the end of the cord during a comic duet and dance.)

DUET Idex and Baptiste.

Idex. Follow me, and fear no danger;
Come, behold, thou gallant stranger,
How we pass our time below.
You shall dance in sunlit waters,
Hand in hand with Neptune's daughters,
Where the fragrant zephyrs blow.
Fal de ral de ral.

Bap. Lady, you so fast have bound me,
With the spell you've thrown around me,

What avails it? I must go.
I'm so often half seas over,
I dare venture under cover,
Where the saucy winds do blow.
Fal de ral de ral.
(Exeunt, singing and dancing, L. H. 1 E.)

SCENE IV.—Poetical Delineation of the Bottom of the Rhine, describing a Bath or Basin sheltered by Grotto and Coral Work. The scene above is a gauze or transparent representation of still water. —A picturesque group of Naiads discovered in the bath.—Music. The Naiads leave the bath, and disport on the margin alternately advancing to and receding from the front, or dance to a chorus accompaniment.)

CHORUS OF SPIRITS. (Within.)
Ho! ho! ho! how delightful it be,
To dance on the sands in the depths of the sea,
O, what in air
With the sea can compare,
Where beauty, and riches, and freedom abound?
We ne'er wish to roam
From our emerald home,
Whilst the globe turns merrily with us round.
Ho! ho! ho! &c.

(Towards the end of the Chorus, Queen and Rupert appear, gliding through the water from the surface, and descend to the margin of the bath.

BALLET OF ACTION.

Fluvia and the Naiads group in picturesque figures about the person of Rupert, approaching and retreating, intimating their curiosity or admiration. Queen advances gracefully, and passionately invites Rupert to a seat constructed in a grotto, R. H. 1 E. Music.—The Naiads dance, and afterwards retire into and about the bath. Rupert and Queen leave the grotto, and come forward, C.

Rup. Beautiful creature! Say, is it not true that the spirits of thy race hoard vast treasures of gems and buried gold within their caves? Do ye not gather all that the winds and tempests have sunk beneath the waves in your rocky coffers? and have ye not the power to endow a mortal with the forgotten wealth of ages?—(Music. The Queen makes action in the affirmative, but with signs expresses her indifference to their possession, compared with the state of love.) Thou sayest true, dearest; they are, indeed, dull and useless, where true love predominates above the care of avarice. But, just to pass away an hour, suppose thou showest me some of these curiosities. Certes, I am childishly fond of inspecting coins and jewels. (The dwarf, Amphibeo, suddenly appears behind, L. H. 2 E., listens, shakes his clinched hand menacingly at Rupert, crosses, and exit, R. S. E. Queen expresses assent, but informs Rupert there is both fear and danger to encounter in gratifying his curiosity.)

Rup. My sword shall repel all danger! (Music.—Queen interrupts him, places her hand on the hilt of his sword, commanding his forbearance, and points to the silver wand, as a talisman against evil. The Naiads advance; Queen gracefully invites Rupert to follow her, and conducts him off, R H 1 E. The music suddenly changes to a grotesque movement; the Naiads appear startled, and retreat hurriedly to the bath. Idex appears above, gliding through the water, leading Baptiste by the golden cord, who flounders after her; she alights on the edge of the bath; Baptiste descends awkwardly, and tumbles in among the Naiads, who, in surprise, leave the bath, and pirouette forward, joined by Idex, laughing. Baptiste gets out of the bath, shakes his head, arms, and legs, as if to dry himself, and advances.)

DUET AND CHORUS.—Idex, Baptiste, and Naiads.

Idex. Fly not, sisters—fear no danger;
Pray allow this handsome stranger
To sojourn with us all night.
Bap. Pity, ladies, my disaster;
Pray conduct me to my master,—
I'm his squire, and he's a knight.
Idex, Let me gaze upon his charms.
Naiads. Ha! ha! ha! ha!
Idex. Let me rock him in my arms.
Naiads. Ha! ha! ha! ha!
Idex & Nai. Of thy praise our song shall be,
While we thus are blessed by thee.
Bap. Of thy praise my song should be,
Could I but my master see.

(The Naiads group about Baptiste, handling and coquetting with him; he gambols about with them at the back; Fluvia and Idex advance, C.)

Flu. Fie, imprudent Idex. Where didst thou find yon stranger? How if I run and call my mistress?

Idex. Hush—hush! There's no great harm done as yet. The stranger was benighted—is cold and hungry, too. (At the direction of Idex, exeunt Fluvia and three Naiads, R. and L. 2 E.) Besides, if I mistake not, your mistress is already closeted with just such another; she cannot choose but look at home, and perhaps it might be equally as agreeable to her, as well as to us, if we leave all parties in quiet possession of their own innocent diversions. Let us treat him courteously; who knows but when he returns to his race that he may not come back with one apiece for you? (During this dialogue, Baptiste and the Naiads have become sociable; they conduct him to the front—Fluvia and three Naiads re-enter, R. and L. 2 E., with baskets of unboiled shell-fish, crabs, and lobsters, which they present to him.)

Bap (Refusing them.) Excuse me, ladies; not at present; my stomach just now is in rather too crude a state to partake of your raw materials—you understand; the crabs are a little too fresh, and the lobsters a little too lively—not exactly the right color. (They offer him others.) I'd much rather be excused—

much rather ; I never could abide a fresh-water snail. If you'll allow me, I'll just taste a mouthful out of the bottle, and perhaps I might be able to relish half a dozen oysters before I retire for the evening. (Taking out his flask.) Ladies, will you permit me to pass it round? (They express dissent.) No? Then I will. (Drinking.) Bless me, how prodigiously cold it strikes! I presume, ladies, you haven't such a thing as a dry shirt among you? But what d'ye say for a dance? You're partial to dancing, I believe ; it gives one a sort of glow, like, especially after bathing. (Pointing to Idex.) Ask miss there what she thought of my leg, when I struck out through the water so (Imitating the motion of swimming.)

A DANCE AND CHORUS by Naiads and Spirits.

Chorus. Ho! ho! ho! how delightful it be
To dance on the sands in the depths of the sea!
O, what in the air
With the sea can compare,
Where beauty, and riches, and freedom abound?
We ne'er wish to roam
From our emerald home,
Whilst the globe turns merrily with us round.
Ho! ho! ho! &c.

(The dance changes to a comic roundelay, Baptiste in the middle ; the movements of the latter become boisterous, and on reaching the bath, he falls into it backwards, the Naiads pressing round him with noisy merriment and laughter.—Tableau.—Quick Drop.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A dark submarine Cavern, 1 and 2 E. Massive brazen portals of the Adamantine Chamber ; the heads and tails of sea-monsters interspersed, with hieroglyphical symbols painted thereon ; wild and extravagant music ; a noise above, as of a whirlpool, (the Geurni, on the Rhine, near the rocks of Lurlei,) or of the roar of monsters.

Enter Mermen, or River Deities, hideously masked and attired, in tumultuous or boisterous merriment, and bearing clubs, R. and L.

CHORUS.—Monsters.

Hand in hand, to the moonlit strand
The water fays repair ;
In revel rout they go about,
While we keep vigil here.
Or gayly they glide through the silvery tide
To the golden sands below ;
Nor reck what cheer they leave us here,
While we dance and sing, Ho! ho!

A DANCE.

Gong sounds, L. H, ; the demons all retreat to R. H. in groups.—Tableau

Enter Amphibeo. rushing on L. H. 1 E. ; he strikes with his foot, and appears in utter despair.

Amp. Lost! lost! lost! (Music. The Monsters elevate their clubs, and arrange themselves in postures of defence—Amphibeo informs them by signs that a mortal has cunningly engaged the affections and confidence of the Queen, and he is now on his way to the cavern, to despoil them of a portion of the hidden treasures.)

Mon. (Menacing with their clubs on R. H.) Will he dare?

Enter the Queen, conducting Rupert, L H. 1 E. The Monsters approach threateningly, but are awed by the presence of the Queen, who waves her wand for them to retire, and they exeunt sullenly, with Amphibeo, R. H. 1 E.—Music. The Queen places her finger on her lips, expressive of silence; she approaches the portals, and strikes with her wand; the music plays wildly and tremulously.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS. (Above.)

Ye spirits of the mighty Rhine, unbar—
Obey the signal of the mystic star!

The portals in c fly open to a dark flat, at the sound of a gong, and with a crushing noise; the cavern appears suddenly illuminated; Rupert approaches to the side of the Queen, who fetches from where they are deposited alternately a casket or gold relic, kisses it passionately and presents it to Rupert, then pirouettes away without allowing him to receive it, and returning with another, makes similar instances of her regard; she also brings from the niche a jewelled order, suspended by a golden cha in, and invests him with it. The admiration of Rupert is divided between the riches of the cavern and the playful fondness of the nymph; then suddenly recollecting his mission, he courteously tenders his hand to the Queen, and conducts her forward, (c.)

Rup. Bewitching siren! I would I might persuade thee to accompany me to the land! Thou knowest not how delightful it is to roam the mistress of a castellated dwelling on the earth. But ah! I had forgotten that I am a poor and mortgaged knight. Shall I not first repair to the land, and take with me some of the bawbles that are here hoarded in idleness to refit my castle in yonder vine-clad mountains? (The Queen points figuratively with her finger in an expression of distrust, and smiles archly, then pirouettes playfully round him during the symphony of the following song:

SONG.—*Queen.*

Lira la la! lira la la!
On a day, a summer's day,
A wily shark would rove,
Where a seamaid tuned her lay
To some old tale of love.
This shark he was all debonaire;
"Ha, ha!" quoth he; "I ween,
Never was beauty seen so rare
All in the sea so green."
Lira la la! (Waltzes.)

"Enough," he cried: you sing divine;
And while your notes impart
A feast unto my ears, I'll dine
Upon your hand and heart."
And so he did; this silly maid,
I fear me, is Lurline.
And you the wily shark that strayed
All in the sea so green.
Lira la la! (Waltzes.)

Rup Hither within a month will I return, and be prepared to wed thee with all the pomp thy station looks for. (Drawing his rapier.) This bright Damascus steel shall be the emblem of my purity, and whilst I cast it at thy feet, do swear thereon eternal constancy. (Laying down his sword.)

Queen. Yet ere we part, receive the fealty of thy subjects, for such are those who call me queen. (Music. She waves her hand, the gong sounds and the scene changes.)

SCENE II.—A Stalactitic Hall in 6 G. The Nymphs discovered in groups, on R. and L.

Queen. Follow her example, ye spirits who confess my power, and hail Rupert as your prince. (Music. All the nymphs kneel.)

Rup. (Going.) Farewell beloved of my heart.

Queen. First, witness the fête prepared to celebrate their fealty. (Music. She leads Rupert to a seat, R. H. 1 E.)

A SCARF DANCE. (By the Nymphs.)

Enter Baptiste, L. H. 2 E, loaded with baskets of gold, &c., followed by Idex.

GENERAL TABLEAU —WHITE FIRE.

Quick Drop.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Hall of Banquet in the Castle of Lorchausen, in 4 G. Three Gothic chairs in C. 3 G.; banquet; tables on R and L.; the Baron of Lorchausen, Sir Rupert, and Lady Una seated in chairs up C.; Rinaldo and Sir Rupert's followers; Baptiste, knights, guests, gentlewomen, seneschal, and attendants discovered on, R. and L. H. Music.

Bap. (Apart, advancing to C.) Rare doings in the old castle! An there be many more such days of feasting and mumming, I am afraid the future heir of Lorchausen may chance dine upon short commons. Now, if my old acquaintance, Phibe—what's his name?—should be eavesdropping about the building, he may carry home news that shall spoil her singing for twelve moons to come. My little Amphitrite, too—what a house-warning she has promised to give me on the thirty-first of the month! Certes, in that particular, there's much room for improvement; a more suspicious house of call there can't be for travellers, who are tenacious of sheets that are well aired. Catch an ague at the bottom of the Rhine, you must go to the devil and shake yourself!

Enter Attendant, L. H. 1 E., bearing a goblet and ewer upon a salver. Halloo, sirrah! not so fast, I beseech you.

Att. 'Tis for the knight's table.

Bap. (Pouring wine into the goblet, and taking it from the salver.) Why, then, it must go through the squire. (Drinks, and returns the cup.)

Bar. What, seneschal! I pray you be not lenten of the wine; let music wait upon festivity.—(To Rupert, coming down C. with Sir Rupert and Lady Una.) Give me thy hand, Sir Knight; my long esteem no act or word can better illustrate than here upon its own ancestral hearth. The flower I have loved—have cultured, reared, nursed in the sunshine of generic pride, to gather in the fulness of its sweets, and plant it thus! (Uniting the hands of Rupert and the Lady Una.)

Rup. (L. H.) There may it bloom,
Rich in its plentitude of virtuous love!
I ask no fairer dower.

Bar. Fill me some wine!

(Attendant brings down salver with wine to Baron.)

Now may the stars propitious aspect show,
That no ill fortune mar your wedded state!

(Drinks.—Storm without.)

Music. Enter a Serf, L. H. 1 E.

Serf. (All rise at tables.) The waters fast are rising, and in rage propel their angry surges to the banks; dark threatening clouds are driving from the west; and birds fly screaming to their eyries, scared by the distant thunder. (Distant sound of thunder—a faint crash is heard without, R. H. 1 E.)

Enter a Messenger, R. H. 1. E.

Mes. A lighting bolt hath fallen on the keep, and struck the banner from the trembling walls.

Rup. (Aside.) The spirits of the waters do go forth to mock my triumph. (The storm continues.)

Bar. These tidings ill accord with gayety. Let us in to prayer. (Music. The guests move in consternation, and exeunt R. and L. H. The Bason exits, R. H., followed by Rupert, leading the Lady Una.)

SCENE II.—Gothic Antechamber in the Castle, 1 E.—a large, transparent oriel window, C. F. Storm increases; thunder and lightning.

Enter Baptiste, R. H. 1 E., followed by several of the Baron's male domestics.

Bap. Well, well; now are you sure every thing is in a state of forwardness for the morrow? the hampers packed, the wines labelled, the water filtered?

Dom. All is ready—everything is ordered. (Thunder.)

Bap. Here's a rumpus! a pretty commence, to be sure, for the lady's nuptials!—The moon at the full, the waters rising, and a storm brewing! (Thunder and lightning; the domestics advance forward in alarm.) Well, blockheads? what is there to quake at? Not one of you, I'll swear, has the courage of a dormouse; ye have

the hearts and livers of rabbits, with maws as rapacious as cormorants. I'll wager a holiday suit that each at a push could magify a mite into a white elephant. (Taking out a flask.) Here, line each of you his jerkin with this elixir. (They pass the flask round and return it to Baptiste.) Ha! this is Nantz—nothing like Nantz for giving the valor a rouse. (Looking off, L. H.) O, here comes the pretty Mrs. Bridget terrifying the maids, as usual, with legends of the Hartz' skeleton-huntsmen, and the like trumpery. [Drinking.]

ENTER BRIDGET, L. H., followed by female Domestics.

Bri. Heyday! Mr. Baptiste, is this a season, think you, for your profane bacchanals, while the spirits of darkness are abroad, and leagued with the elements to do us mischief?—(To the male domestics.) And you, borachios that ye are, know ye not that my lady has retired to the oratory, and that the company are seeking their dormitories, and —— (Exeunt male domestics, L. H. 1 E.)

Bap. Be composed, Mrs. B. What need of flurrying the ladies, bless 'em! or that comfortable-looking, sleek little rotundity of yours?

Bri. (Angrily.) My rotundity, Mr. Baptiste!

Bap. Now, do not—don't, Mrs. B.; nature never intended that comely little body to do the office of a chafing pan. (The female domestics group near the window, C. F.) Apropos, Mrs. B., I had a most beautiful bird's-eye view of a cold turkey in your buttery this morning, and, looking at a leg, I sighed, and thought of you.

Bri. Of me, Mr. Baptiste?

Bap. Yes; you know I always said you were a capital one at a grill. I'll stake the long odds against any one, I said, I don't care who it is, but give me Mrs. Bridget for grilling the leg of a turkey. Now, what d'ye say, Mrs. B., to a nice little bit of something hot in your own room, as soon as the girls are in bed, and the rest of the house quiet?

Bri. La, Mr. Baptiste! how much you remind me of my poor little departed old man, who was always so particularly partial to a nice little bit of something hot just when going to bed. (Laughing.) Ha, ha, ha!

Bap. (Looking significantly.) Well, that's my case, you see: I have long, very long, Mrs. B., conceived a most masculine predilection to fill that snug little vacancy occasioned by the demise of your poor little departed dear old man.

Bri Fie, Mr. Baptiste! you should not handle such a delicate subject in so boisterous a manner.

Bap. Well, I know it, Mrs. B, I know it's a very delicate subject, but you'll promise to give it your attention.

Bri. Hem! I will give it as much attention as the delicacy of my situation will permit. (Thunder and lightning.) Holy St. Werner! what a bolt was there! (The female domestics come forward in great alarm.)

Bap. Pooh! that's nothing. Bibendo te, I exorcise thee. (Drinking.)

Bri. Fie! this is no time for bantering; recollect the mystery of the Black Bohemian, whom Sir Hildebrand encountered in the Schwartz Wald.

Bap. Pshaw! an old tradition of the barony, as worn out and threadbare as Sir Hildebrand's winding-sheet.

Bri. Listen to me, girls. It was the close of a great confederation or meeting of the States at Vienna; and Sir Hildebrand, attended only by a single follower, had set out on his return hither. The autumn was past, the evening had set in, and, it being the vigil of the blessed martyr, Sir Hildebrand was anxious to arrive at the chateau of his cousin, the Margrave of —— (Patience! such a memory! Well, no matter)—whose territories are skirted by the Schwartz Wald, or by some called the Black Forest of Bohemia.

Bap. (Impatiently.) Ah, there, now, Mrs. B.—'tis all the same. (Drinking from the flask.) Pray come to the sequel. (Lightning—noise of wind and rain.)

Bri. Sancte!—How awfully that casement shakes! (The women, alarmed, draw close about her, and look obliquely towards the window, C. F.) Presently, on nearing an angle of the road, where a small glade opened into the forest, a tall, gaunt figure, armed from toe to helm-piece, and mounted on a black charger, emerged from the thicket, or rather, I should have said, appeared to grow out of the earth, obstructing his further progress, while its fiend-like eyes (for they were not human) glared fearfully upon him. (Music. A thunderbolt passes the window, C. F.; a mysterious light is seen through the casement, where the figure of the dwarf, Amphibeo, appears singularly magnified; the women scream, and run off, L. H.; the light and the figure disappear.)

Bap. (Laughing, and looking off after them, not having observed the figure.) Ha, ha, ha!—I knew how it would be with the ladies—a start to the bed-posts! I wonder what Bridget would have thought of my old acquaintance, Phibby? (Music. The dwarf, Amphibeo, ascends through trap, C., and squats in a grotesque figure behind him.) By the by, Master Phibby, better not let me catch you on the wrong side of your favorite watering-place any time within the next full of the moon! By the hand of an esquire, but I promise you shall go home to your beautiful cousins with as elegant a specimen of watery head as ever fell to the share of a dwarf's knowledge-box! (Music. Snatching out his flask and drinking; turning gradually round, he is confronted by Amphibeo; he gazes doubtfully at the apparition, drops the flask, and, with a convulsed and ludicrous movement, runs off, L. H.; the dwarf descends, C,, through trap.)

SCENE III.—The Queen's Crystal Chamber beneath the Rhine, 4 G. The Queen discovered reclining on a rude marine couch, L. H.; Fluvia, Idex, and the rest of the Naiads ministering to her. Music. The Queen is inconsolable for the continued absence of Sir Rupert; she refuses the condolence of the nymphs, who move about her figuratively of grief and sympathy: they present her bouquets and marine garlands; she waves her hand in token of indifference.

Queen. Again the sun hath passed the glowing west;
The compact earth, the fluid ambient,
And all that's dark or bright 'twixt this and heaven,
His beams have cheered. Day turns again to night,

And night to morn ; yet still the blushing east
Unseals her blue eyes, like a happy bride,
To meet the unchanging visit of her lord.
But ah, not Rupert comes—not Rupert cheers !

(Rising and coming forward, C.)

Hast thou forgotten, Idex, the old melody I taught thee to play and sing one summer's eve, upon the Lurlei Berg ?

Idex. No, gentle mistress ; 'twas a lay of love, so sad, and yet so passionately framed, I never could forget.

Queen (To Fluvia.) Hie thee, Fluvia, to yon coral dell, where water fays delight to chase the beams that fall from Cynthia's lamp : if aught thou see of one for whom thy gentle lady mourns, strike on thy shell and give it life again. (Exit Fluvia, R. H. 2 E., bearing a shell strung as a lute ; the Queen retires to the couch, L. H. , the nymphs minister to her with small silvery lutes which they take from their girdles.)

SONG.—*Idex.*

Strike that melody again,
On those silvery chords ;
There was language in the strain
Never breathed in words.

Like some spell each cadence fell,
Waking up the past :
Who would roam from fancy's home,
Could such visions last ?

CHORUS.—Spirits. (Without.) Adagio.

Though his vows fail thee,
Tears nought avail thee,—
Hope hath departed, thou spirit forlorn !
Tears come with sadness,
As smiles with gladness,
(But the false-hearted will never return.)

Chorus. Never—never will return !

(Fluvia strikes on the shell, without, R. H. 1 E ; the Queen rises with an expression of delight, and moves gracefully forward, with an air of expectation.

Re-enter Fluvia, in great consternation, R. H., she directs the attention of the Queen towards Amphibeo, who enters, R. H , and kneels to the Queen.

Am. List and weep not, mistress mine,
Spirit of the mighty Rhine,
We have traversed far above,
To bring back thy errant love ;
Found, alas ! within the hour,
Lingering near a maiden's bower ;
Where, already, hath his heart
Been exchanged for no small part
Of that vestal one of hers,
Which to thine his soul prefers.

(The Queen appears moved and indignant.)

That the spell may firmer hold,
He hath forged a ring of gold,

On that finger fair to bind,
Where the blood doth nearest find
Its way backward to the fount,
Where the stream of life doth mount.

(Music. The Queen seems disconsolate and forlorn ; the nymphs minister to her.)

Cheer thee, mistress—droop not so ;
There is med'cine for thy woe :
Yet a day and yet a morrow,
All his joy shall turn to sorrow.

(Music. Queen, after a pause, expressive of extreme mental suffering, dashes her hands from her forehead despairingly, and assumes an attitude of passion or revenge.)

Queen. (To the dwarf.) The deadliest weed
That grows upon the corsair's grave,
No med'cine to forsaken love can yield,
As thou dost minister ; for in thy gall,
The ravenous harpy and the fell sea wolf
Have mixed their appetites. Now, get thee gone,
And levy straight a race of armed giants
From the black waters of the dismal Gewirre ;
What time the golden hours lead on the day,
Have them arrayed in burnished panoply of dragon's scale,
All proof as adamant ; then guide them forth.
Thy subtle spells employ : (crosses to R. H.)
Behold ! I give thee power to destroy

(Music. Amphibeo descends, L. H. ; music changes ; the nymphs minister to Queen with their lutes.)

No more—no more ! Those silvery tones have changed ;
All else shall fail to please, save Rupert's knell,
And that shall ring on every pearly shell.
Let each assume the habiliments of war,—
War I proclaim throughout our mighty Rhine !
Awake, ye wondering echoes in your caves !
Hear and applaud my vengeance ! This shall be
Adjusted with the rising of the sun ;
Your queen will steel her heart, and see it done !

(Music. Exeunt Queen and all the nymphs, except Idex, R. and L.)

Idex. Woe is me ! that ever Naiad should be crossed as I have been in my first, my only love ! O Baptiste ! Baptiste ! thou must surely have dropped from the moon ; thy constancy could never else change sides thus—month about ! I wish I could bear with my misfortune as easily as my mistress. Poor lady ! she chides me for weeping. "Happy Idex." says she, "dry those salt tears ; you only have had one coffer rifled ; but I, alas ! had two." I wish he had rifled any body's else but mine ! My precious heart is almost changed to a carbuncle : I have watered it all day with my tears, and, before morning, it will cease to be any thing save a crystal petrifaction—a still monument of slighted love, frozen to death in a river.

Song.—Idex.

Like the vision from the sleeper,
Like the opening of the day,—

Like the tear-drop from the weeper,
Love doth ever pass away.

But, like silent, rooted sorrow,
That doth blight and sear the heart,
Or like hope, renewed each morrow,
Plighted love should ne'er depart.

(A trumpet sounds, L. H. U. E.)

Hark! those dreadful sounds give note of preparation. (Looking off, L.) Silly Naiads! ye know not what you do. O! these wars, or, rather, O! these men! Me, too, me, who never had courage to confront the beard of an oyster—me they must case in coat of armor of proof! I wish my heart had been but half as proof against yon 'squire and his flattering tale: he never had returned to laugh, as he now does, at the poor silly maid of the Rhine. But no matter: I have another tale in store for him—one that won't flatter, either—a tale of the sea; and if I don't furnish him, when next we meet, with as moving a subject as heart can wish for, never call me funny Idex again. (Exit, laughing, R. H. March)

Reënter the Naiads, in full armor, U. E. L. H., led by Fluvia; they dress, and form two columns; flourish; reënter Queen, R. H. U. E., in a full suit of armor; she traverses between the two columns, and takes her post in the centre.

Queen. O, bravely, spirits, bravely do ye shine,
Like starlight glistening on our native Rhine!
Each look a death—a javelin every eye;
A bright allure to gaze upon, and die!
Alas! Love's weapons only—these are mine!

(Music. Warlike accoutrements of swords and bucklers, racked in order, ascend through trap, in C.)

Just retribution for such wrongs as mine!

(Music. A gong sounds; the nymphs arm themselves, and the rack descends; march; the nymphs go through a succession of military evolutions and manœuvres)

Queen. Yet, ere we go, let each, in mimic fight,
Essay the skill that shall our wrongs requite.

(Music. A sham fight, then grand march, and triumph.)

(Exeunt, U. E. L. H.)

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Gothic Lorchausen Chamber, 1 and 2 G. Morning; C. doors practical.

Enter the Baron, the Lady Una, Rupert and his followers, and the Seneschal, R. H. 1 E.

Rup. Sweet lady, let us forth: yon lowering sky is but the relic of last evening's storm.

Una. My heart is ill at ease: the livelong night fantastic dreams have sought my ill-conforming slumber. [Sound of a trumpet, R. H.]

Bar. That bold alarum challengeth the ear, like chafing heralds sounding to melee. [Music. Gong sounds; Amphibeo ascends on L. H. before Rupert, in a suit of scale armor, and beaing a gauntlet.]

Amp. Behold him here that will not brook delay!

[Chorus. The Baron and the rest move in consternation; Una retreats to her father.]

Rup. Malicious fiend! what bodes this fearful summons?

Amp. To bid thee, counterfeit, redeem thy pawn,
Or take thy death from me, with the Queen's scorn!
(Throwing down the gauntlet,)

Rup. I do agnize the pledge, and this resign.

(Music. Divesting himself of the Queen's jewelled order, and throwing it to the dwarf on L. H.
Be that thy errand—she or death be mine.

Amp. Enough! I'll bear thy answer to the Queen.

[Music. Thunder; the dwarf, bearing the jewelled order, descends, L. H., trap.]

Una. [Rushing to the side of Rupert.] What compact's this? whence comes yon dreadful foe? why glows thine eye with that uncertainty?

Rup. Lady, my mind was ever bent on travel, and strange adventures, in their turn, have made much reperation for its toils and perils. Of these you shall know more anon; but now, please ye retire a while, and let mine honor, till then, go free of all disparagement.

Bar. Daughter, go in: my life for't, he is valiant, good, and wise. (Exit Lady Una, R. H. 1 E.)

Enter a MESSENGER, in haste, L. H 1 E.

Mes. An armed host,
Whose forms proclaim them not of this world's growth,
Are marching 'gainst Lorchausen.
(Rupert's followers draw their swords menacingly.)

Bar. Call my vassals up! (Exit Messenger, L. H. 1 E.)

Rup. Comrades, let us forth! (Calling.) Baptiste, what ho! —(To the Baron.) And, sir, commend me to my lady love.
"The Fearnought" sets his honor on a cast,
And, should he fall, may need her Christian prayers.

Bar. I'll to the battlements and reconnoitre. (Music. Exeunt Rupert and his followers, L. H., the Baron, R. H. 1 E; bell rings alarum; drums and trumpets, R. H.)

Enter BRIDGET, in consternation, C. D. L. H.

Bri. Oh! that ever I should have seen the morn of such unhallowed nuptials! My lady will be wedded to the fiend, and there is no help for it, since a whole legion of his kinsfolk are in league to bear her from the castle. Holy St. Werner be upon us! What a tale is this for after times! (Music.)

Enter BAPTISTE C. D. L H., having the lower part of his body metamorphosed to a merman, with a huge tail of a fish.

Bap. And what a tail is this for present times! (Bridget screams.) Here's a metamorphoses! here's an indelicate transposition of the masculine gender!

Bri. Mercy! who has done this?

Bap. Who?—How should I know? I am beset on all sides by fiends; the four elements are in league against me; that abominable vixen, Miss Idex, is at the bottom of it all. Behold! I am

spell-bound at my extremities—horribly and supernaturally spell-bound! (Music. He shakes his tail fantastically, and dances round Bridget, imitating the motion of swimming, bellowing, and blowing.)

Bri. Thou hast been wrought upon by devils: was ever squire beheld in so deplorable a condition?

Bap. Don't call me an esquire, Mrs. B. I am most marvellously misfitted for the office; I am nothing but a bare counterfeit—that is, I am flesh fishified from the middle of my body downwards! An esquire!—Ho! ho! (Exhibiting his tail.) Here's a pretty appendage for a gentleman calling himself an esquire! (Flourish of trumpets, R. H.) Let me go in—let me go in! I've no longer an ear for martial sounds; I am only fitted to be laid on a dish in the buttery. Mrs. B., I have been made a terrible example of. Let this (pointing to his tail) be a sufficient warning to all ladies and gentlemen, who have a predilection for parties of pleasure on the water! (Music. Exit Bridget, C. D. L. H., terrified; Baptiste is following, but is stopped and confronted by Idex, who enters, C. D. L. H., armed cap-a-pie, and bearing a drawn sword; a mock combat takes place between them, which ends by Baptiste being led off vauntingly by Idex, in her golden cord, L. H. 1 E.)

SCENE II.—A Romantic View on the Rhine, 4 G. Demon march. Enter, in procession from L. H. U. E., Amphibeo and demons of the Rhine; with conchshells and banners with appropriate devices; arrange on R. and L. H.; change of music; grand march, procession of the Naiad Queen and Amazon warriors, U. E. R. H., in full armor, conducting Sir Ruperte and his knights and followers, with the Baron, Lady Una, Bridget, male and female domestics; tableau.

Queen. (C.) Errant mortal, I am come
From the blue depths of my home,
To give back my plighted vow,
Which hath left thy lips but now.
For that maiden's sake I yield
What my heart hath ill concealed—
Friendship slighted, love betrayed,
Gift and guerdon ill repaid.
That which chivalry hath won,
Craven's heart had else undone.
Knighthood's fairest meed is thine,
But the gift shall still be mine.
Behold!

(Music. She takes from her neck the order with which she before invested Rupert, and replaces it; Rupert kisses her hand, and the Queen conducts him to Lady Una.)

This ordeal ended, so our mysteries
Henceforth shall be hermetically sealed;
For ne'er again the minstrel of the Rhine
To earthly vision will reveal her form.
Go, happy pair! Your queen hath dearly learned
A task in wisdom's book, whose moral worth

This golden precept to her race prescribes :
Immortal spirits may not bend to love
With mortal frailty ; nor must venturous youths,
On fortune's errand, seek the siren's lair :
For many Ruperts, distant time between,
Shall find too late there was but one queen.

LAST SCENE.

(Music. Gong. The scene changes magically to fountains of real water ; Naiads and Water Spirits mingle above and around, and the ethereal blue, emitted through a strong light, is thrown upon the picture.)

FINALE.

Now fairy dreams be on you,
The lovestar shine upon you ;
Our pearly shells
Your bridal bells,
And the happiest lot betide you !

SITUATIONS.

Banners. Banners.
Demons. Banners. Demons.
Demons. Knights. Amphibeo. Knights. Demons.
Banners. 20 Amazon Warriors. Banners
Knights. Knights.
20 Amazon Warriors. 20 Amazon Warrions.
Domestics. Domestics.
Fluvia. Una. Queen. Idex. Baptiste. Bridget.
Rupert.
Baron.

QUICK CURTAIN.

R. H. L. H.

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The Naiad queen

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